

67 2nd

You were a ghoulish child...

and a childish ghoul,
Obsessed with white sheets, slits for the eyes,
Games to play,
Disguises to hide
the terrifying torment inside
your uncomfortable form.
A comical camouflage, feigned attention-seeking,
Hovering above the floor, arms flailing,
Yet mind floundering,
Dying in plain sight.
Everyone laughing like fools.

Lifelong agony wrapped up in Egyptian cotton,
Only the highest thread count to conceal such gnawing anguish,
And we just didn't know.
Or see.
Or hear.
Did we?

You died a week last Tuesday and yet
you sit, next to me now,

As though you have always been here.
No cover, no shroud. Just you.
Your core unmasked as you exhaled your final breath,
Every scar, every viscus revealed,
And I see again that look we sometimes shared.

In a moment, with all the cunning of a magician's trick,
everything I never knew
is laid bare before me.
The ugly undone truth of you.

I reach out then, with my pathetic, apologetic sorrow.
But you are gone.